

The most lamentable Tragedie

I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Aron. I iust, a verse in *Horace*, right you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse.
Her's no sound iust, the old man hath found theyr gilt,
And sendes them weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound beyond theyr feeling to the quick:
But were our wittie Empresse well a foote,
Shee would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her rest in her vnrest a while.

And now young Lords, wast not a happy starre,
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more than so
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height:
It did me good before the pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his bothers hearing.

Demet. But me more good to see so great a Lord,
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

Aron. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

Demet. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chiron. A charitable wish, and full of loue.

Aron. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

Chiron. And that would she for twentie thousand more.

Deme. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.

Aron. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets sound.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere.

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore child.

Nur. God morrow Lords, ô tell me did you see *Aron* the

Aron. Wel, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all, (Moore
Heere

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Here *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Aron. Why what a catterwaling doost thou keepe,
what doost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and statly Romes disgrace,
Shee is deliuered Lords, shee is deliuered.

Aron. To whom.

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed.

Aron. Well god giue her good rest, what hath hee

Nurse. A deuill.

Aron. Why then she is the deuils Dam, a ioyfull issue,

Nurse. A ioyles, dismall, black, and sorrowfull issue,
Here is the babe as loathsome as a toade,
Amongst the fairefast breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sendes it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers poynt.

Aron. Zounds ye whore, is blacke so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beautionous blossome sure.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.

Chiron. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Aron. Villaine, I haue done thy mother.

Deme. And therein hellish dog thou hast vndone her,
Woe to her chaunce, and damde her loathed choice,
Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.

Chiron. It shall not liue,

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aron* it must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. VVhat must it *Nurse*? then let no man but I.
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers poynt,
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

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